THE

POLYANTHOS.

VOLUME III.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth...*Dr. Johnson.*

Me in sllvam abstrudo densam atque asperam...*Cicero.*

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

AUGUST, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *THE REV. P. THACHER, D. D.*

THE gentleman, whose life is the subject of the following brief sketch, was the son of Oxenbridge Thacher, Esq. of Boston, a lawyer of eminence, who died in the midst of his reputation and usefulness; whose amiable moral character is remembered by the present generation, and his name frequently mentioned in terms of very high esteem.* Dr. Thacher was his eldest son, and was then a student of the south grammar school. He was born at Milton, March 21, 1752, the family having retired on account of the small

* The following lines were inserted in the Newspaper, the week after his funeral.

Once warm with zeal in honest virtue's cause,
That tongue spoke free, and wielded Britain's laws.
With equal eloquence, unwarp'd, displayed
For wealth or poverty its powerful aid,

pox, which, during this season spread through the town. There were indications of a serious mind when he was young, an uncommon gravity of deportment, and it was then predicted that he would add another to the list of worthies, whose praise is in all the churches.

Mr. Oxenbridge Thacher died in 1765. Before his death he had fixed his mind upon his son's having a liberal education, but, like most professional men, more ambitious of fame than desirous of wealth, he left his family in circumstances by no means affluent. He left however many friends, among them several respectable clergymen, who exerted themselves with the gentlemen in the line of his profession, to preserve the literary honours of the name. Their desires and expectations were answered. Many showed their friendship for the man whom they loved, when his remains were in the dust, and their benevolence received a full reward in the improvement made by the youth who obeyed every stimulus to exercise his talents and industry. The preceptor of the school at that time was the venerable Lovell, whose opinion

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Alike to him, worth could its charm impart,
In king or beggar touched his generous heart.
From humble birth to paths of great renown
He dawned, he brightened to the hour of noon.
Learned, yet not vain, in useful science read
Fair freedom's cause with manly strength he plead
A patriot's flame with pious zeal sustained,
His country's rights with jealous care maintained;
With grateful eye beheld the glory past,
Dropped a sad tear, and sighing, breathed his last.

had its weight in every thing, and who advanced him forward one class, in order that he might enter college the ensuing *Commencement*. He was admitted a student of Harvard College, July, 1765, and received the honours of that seminary in the year 1769. He then delivered the salutary oration with that applause which an excellent voice, a fine presence, and many graces of elocution never fail to excite.

Dr. Thacher always thought that his education was too much hurried, and felt the disadvantage of it in succeeding years. His natural ardour led to press forward to busy and active scenes of life, and to settle in the ministry certainly in too tender an age, if we may not say, before he had arrived at the years of discretion. He would have had a better opportunity to lay up classick stores, and prepare his mind for those scientifick researches, which unite patient industry with the vigour and ardour of the youthful imagination. All allowed him to possess fine talents; not only a quickness of memory and lively apprehension of things, but a certain glow of fancy, which made his conversation animated, and his compositions very interesting. He early composed sermons, and some essays which were ascribed to older men. Divinity was his favourite study. He was more fond of visiting the school of the prophets, than walking in academick groves, and appeared in the pulpit with more than com-

mon evangelical zeal. After taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, he went into a school at Chelsea, which he kept but a few months. He was invited to preach at Malden, and was ordained pastor of that church, September 19th, 1770. The sermon delivered by Mr. Robbins of Milton, was published. Dr. Appleton of Cambridge gave the charge and Dr. Eliot of Boston the fellowship of the churches. No young man ever preached to more crowded assemblies. His charming voice, his oratorical powers, his fluency in prayer, the pathos of his expression were applauded by serious, sensible people; and gave him the admiration of the multitude. In principle he was a Calvinist. From being very rigid in the sentiments of our forefathers, he let his moderation be known to all men, and was among the most catholick and liberal divines of the country, the latter years of his life, though he always professed his belief in the doctrines of the gospel, as they had been taught in our New-England churches, and was so much attached to the platform of church discipline, as to write several pamphlets in favour of it.

Among the high whigs in our controversy with Great-Britain, Dr. Thacher was very conspicuous; and was elected, although not an inhabitant of Boston, to pronounce the *Oration*, 5th of March, 1770, before a number of the citizens of Boston, who assembled in the meeting house in Watertown, the

town being then in possession of British troops. The 5th of March orations have been collected, and another edition printed in a duodecimo volume.

He was also a delegate from the town of Malden to the convention which met at Cambridge, and afterwards in Boston, 1780, to form a constitution for the *State of Massachusetts*. He was warmly attached to this constitution, and to certain parts of it which did not at first meet his approbation.

When the constitution of the *United States* was adopted he was one of its greatest admirers.

The last seventeen years of his life were spent in Boston. He was installed Pastor of the church in Brattle-street, January 12, 1785. Dr. Osgood of Medford preached the sermon, Dr. Lathrop gave the charge, and Dr. Clark the right hand of fellowship.

In this pleasant spot of the Lord's vineyard he was a useful labourer, fond of delivering practical truths, but frequently explaining the doctrines of our religion with clearness. He received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the famous University of Edinburg. It has been suggested by some, as remarkable for sarcastick humour as for good judgment, that even the very name of many of our New-England Divines were not known to the learned professors of foreign universities till they were written in the diploma; but Dr. Thacher was so well known to the

gentlemen of *Edinburg*, that some years before they appointed him *one of their corresponding board in Boston, for propagating the gospel among the Indians in North-America.* The history of these European societies is well known. It is also well known that the funds of the *London* society raised for this very purpose, were strangely perverted from their original design. The funds in Scotland were better managed. The trustees have always been very prudent in their affairs, and very careful in preserving all the money put into their hands, and the income is now applied for the *spiritual* concerns of the Indians.

From this society another grew out of it, upon a more extensive plan, the Massachusetts *Society for propagating the gospel among the Indians and others in North-America.* Of both these societies Dr. Thacher was secretary.

We find Dr. Thacher's name among the first promoters of the Historical Society. He was every way active in serving that institusion, and especially in contributing manuscripts and books, as may be seen in the first list of *donors.*

It would be wrong to omit certain traits in the character of Dr. Thacher which show his moral worth. He was a man of singular integrity and a stranger to deceit and artifice ; he could not disguise his feelings, and often expressed his disapprobation of every thing which could bear the name of dissimulation.

As a friend, he had the confidence of them that knew him. Those who were most intimate will long preserve the tokens of his affection and kindness.

His talents for conversation were very good. Some of his acquaintance thought he exerted those too often, and in publick speaking took too large a share of the debate; of this errour he was fully sensible, and would frequently make either a serious or facetious apology.

He was fond of anecdotes, especially such as illustrated the manners of New-England. In the history of Massachusetts, civil and ecclesiastical, he was more than commonly versed, having read it from his childhood. And also that part of the history of England which exhibits the folly and tyranny of the Stuarts; the usurpation of Cromwell; and the brief authority of the commonwealth. The essays, sermons, and memoirs of those times he could quote, from the manly testimonies of *Ludlow*, to the crude excrescencies of Godwin and *Hugh Peters*.

The Dr. did not encourage dry, argumentative discussions in social; yet while others debated he would frequently throw in a luminous observation, which kept the subject from being darkened by words of uncertain meaning.

His perceptions were very quick; his mind active; his activity was manifested in many busy scenes, especially when he was an

officer of publick institutions. He served several in an official capacity; and to all he was a most useful member.

In the state of Massachusetts, especially in the metropolis, there are many institutions for pious and charitable purposes; for the promotion of literature; the encouragement of science and the arts. Gentlemen who interest themselves in the concerns of these institutions, and have a warm attachment to the objects, may enjoy the satisfactions of knowledge, and the pleasures of goodness. Dr. Thacher was a member of the Charitable Fire Society, a trustee of the Humane Society, and was a proprietor of the town library, all which he aided according to his ability. He was a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences; and one of the council of the Massachusetts Congregational charitable Society for the relief of destitute widows and children of deceased ministers. This society was incorporated March 24, 1786, and the president of the University, who is also the president of this body, preached a sermon for the benefit of the institution. The sermon was delivered in Brattle-street church, and a collection made. In the year 1795, Dr. Thacher preached a sermon which was printed, with some account of the institution.

At the convention of Ministers, May, 1802, Dr. Thacher was moderator, and delivered the *Concio ad Clerum*. It was a solemn and affecting sermon, and by his manner of ad-

dressing the brethren, he seemed to have some premonition that his departure was at hand. His lungs had been affected some time, but his friends indulged a hope of the return of health, to which journeys in the pleasant season apparently contributed. But during the latter part of the summer his pulmonary complaints increased ; he was unable to preach more than half the day.

His people were ready to ease him of his labours every way in their power, and when the physicians recommended the milder air of the southern states, they cheerfully defrayed the expence of the voyage. Their charity flowed from the heart and their conduct did honour to their feelings, and to the cause of religion and humanity. He sailed from Boston in the month of November, for Savannah, and died on the 16th of December, in that city.

Note. The father and grandfather of Dr. T. had been preachers of the gospel before they entered other professions. An old lady of Milton, who lately died, aged 85, recollected hearing sermons from Thachers, in direct succession of five generations. Rev. Peter Thacher of Milton ; his son Oxenbridge ; his grandson of the same name ; the late Dr. Thacher ; and his son, now minister of Lynn ; beside collateral branches of the family. The elder Oxenbridge preached the first sermon that was delivered to the settlers at Punki-

pog, now Stoughton. One of the old settlers of the place, in a kind of rapture, addressed the Rev. T. Thacher of Dedham, upon hearing him preach—"Your grandfather Oxenbridge was the first man that brought the bible among us."

Boston, Aug. 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

[From the New-York Commercial Advertiser, of May 1.]

While America, in the possession of freedom, peace, and unshackled industry, enjoys the glorious achievements of her heroes, they are descending successively to the grave. Within these few days another of her ablest commanders and most faithful citizens, Gen. Gates, has followed Montgomery, Greene, and Washington. The inevitable certainty of this doom does not the less awaken our regret; but when exalted worth is thus retiring forever from our view, let publick service and publick happiness be the just measures of our gratitude. General Gates, more fortunate than many of his illustrious colleagues, lived to see the cause of liberty and American independence not only triumphant but consolidated; and with this sweetest recompense of

his toils and dangers, had the highest prospective satisfaction of a patriotick mind; when dying it was his firm opinion that he could form no better wish for his country than that the political condition and progressive prosperity in which he left it might be perpetual.

America was the country of his choice, England that of his nativity; and there he is said to have imbibed those principles of liberty and resistance to oppression which caused the revolution in 1688. This early and uniform attachment is a characteristick the more commendable, as he entered the British army young, and retained in it the independence of his mind and principles. With the example of their acknowledged skill and bravery, it was natural that an officer whom nature had endowed with a happy disposition, should largely partake of the spirit of his corps and lay the foundation of that military excellence which was to display itself in that best and noblest cause. He so distinguished himself in the British lines, that without purchase he obtained the rank of Major, acted as Aid de Camp to Gen. Monckton at the taking of Martinico, and had the honour of bearing to England the tidings of the important conquest (in which he had assisted) of that island. He was among the first troops that landed at Halifax after the peace of Aix-la Chapelle, under General Cornwallis, was afterwards in the 54th regiment with Gen. Braddock, and was shot through the body with that unfortunate offi-

cer. After the peace between Great-Britain and France, he purchased an estate in Virginia, where he resided until the commencement of our revolution, when he was appointed by Congress, Adjutant-General of the American forces, with the rank of Major-General, in fact the second officer in command, and afterwards appointed to take the chief command of the Northern army. What followed after two actions against the British is too deeply impressed on every mind to be here related. His name will deservedly live forever in the annals of America, to whose independence perhaps no single event contributed so much as the convention of Saratoga; it decided the contest between America and Great-Britain; it secured the reign of liberty and began the foundation of the best organized and happiest government that time has recorded. May America know its value!

When with the army, General Gates maintained personal dignity without distance, a thing never accomplished but by real merit; he received the soldier and subaltern in private in a friendly and familiar manner; but in publick, or in the presence of spectators he kept those who approached him in their proper stations; while he supported subordination as necessary to discipline, he respected men in proportion to their merits.

After the peace he retired to his farm in Virginia, where he remained until he came to reside at New-York in 1790. But previously

to his quitting Virginia he emancipated his negroes; he thought it was incompatible with his principles, and inconsistent with the part he had taken in the revolution, to retain a human creature in bondage; and he made a pecuniary provision for such as were unable to provide for themselves, with a promise to them all of continuing his friendship and assistance. Some of these faithful beings would not part from so kind a master, but followed him, and continued in his family; one of the survivors attended the remains of her benefactor, and honoured with grateful tears the author of her liberty and happiness.

On his arrival at New-York, the Mayor and Corporation came in a body to testify their sense of his services and worth, and presented him with the freedom of the city. He afterwards declined all publick station until 1800, when a sense of duty, and what he deemed the interest of his country induced his consent to be a candidate for a seat in the legislature, in which he remained no longer than he thought useful to that cause which he loved with a rational predilection, and never for a moment abandoned. But his opinions on publick affairs did not interfere with his private friendships, or separate him from many respectable citizens who differed widely from his political sentiments. His memory will be ever cherished by his numerous friends, to whom he was endeared by the warmth of his hospitality, the urbanity of his manners, and the steadiness of his attachments.

This venerable patriot lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight years, and retained his faculties to the last. He conversed with the cheerfulness of youth, and wrote and thought with the vigour of manhood. He took pleasure in professing his attachments to religion, and his firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity. The will which he caused to be made a few weeks before his death, strongly characterizes the humility of his faith and the unostentatious complexion of his mind. In an article dictated by himself he expressed the sense of his own unworthiness; and his reliance solely on the intercession and sufferings of our Redeemer.

In another paragraph he strictly directed that he should be privately buried, lest the zeal and affection of his friends and fellow soldiers should induce them to accompany him with military honours to his grave. His dissolution was gradual, he sunk under the decay of nature, and died without pain or struggle.

General Stevens, the commander of the artillery of the northern department at Saratoga, and now Commanding Officer of the artillery in this state, on behalf of the Cincinati and the millitary, solicited permission to testify their respect for him as an officer and their esteem for him as a man; but the injunction in his will, and his frequent verbal requests, were too peremptory not to be obeyed; his funeral was therefore private, but

it was attended by many of the most respectable inhabitants of the city whom he counted among his personal friends; nor was it less marked by the regret and sorrow of those who were prevented from honouring him in a manner proportioned to his merits, and from showing their respect for one of the oldest, most useful, and most distinguished officers of the revolution, as well as one of the enlightened and virtuous citizens of the United States.

ANECDOTES
OF THOMAS WESTON, COMEDIAN.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

To those who delight to observe the efforts of the human mind, in whatever way they may exhibit themselves, it has ever been a painful reflection that a man of genius, who devotes his talents to the histrionick art, when he dies, leaves no memento behind, except in the memory of his contemporaries, of the high excellence to which those talents had arrived. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, raise lasting monuments, that bear testimony to the combinations of the mind by which they were conceived. The actor, on the contrary, in the grave to which his dust is committed, finds a grave for his talents.

The same fate, indeed, attends all those, whose powers of mind are exhibited in com-

bination with their bodily faculties. When Orpheus dies his lyre lies unstrung.

It is true that duration itself is but relative, and that time is the great, the universal destroyer. Phidias, Zeuxis, Raphael, Homer, Milton, nay Shakespeare himself, all must share the fate which that wonderful poet has so sublimely described. Like his cloud-capped towers, genius itself must dissolve and

> Leave not a wreck behind: We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

But there is a contrast, and a feeling, in the fate of the man who, at once, combines and exerts his mental and bodily faculties: especially of the actor. The pleasure he gives is so vivid, nay sometimes so exquisite, that to recollect it must so shortly cease is a pain from which the mind would gladly escape. The applause, too, which he receives, comes in a more open, decided, and powerful manner than there is any opportunity of announcing, to genius that exerts itself wholly in seclusion: and the grandeur of this applause does but make its loss the more severely felt: each touch of the sculptor's chisel, each stroke of the pencil of the painter, is not seen, understood, and admired by assembled multitudes, by whom it may instantly be repaid with the thunder of applause. Even the most successful dramatick author is obliged to share a divided fame with the actor,

Ah, that the noble touches of his art so soon should perish !

It would still increase this misfortune, should no contemporary be found to pay the poor tribute of praise so highly deserved : or, if that praise be bestowed, if it be given in a vague, insufficient, and even derogatory manner.

This, in a peculiar degree, has been the fate of Thomas Weston. Never, while I live, can I forget the impression which this extraordinary actor nightly made, not only upon me, but, upon all who saw him, in every character he undertook, after his fame was established.

The particulars of his life, which I here communicate, are derived from a pamphlet entitled MEMOIRS OF THOMAS WESTON, *printed for Bladon in* 1796. The facts contained in this pamphlet are so far valuable as that they belong to a man so extraordinary, and as they afford some of the means of extending his memory to posterity.

He was the son of Thomas Weston, Esq. who was the chief cook in the royal kitchen.

The emoluments of that office empowered the father to give his son a proper education, and have him instructed in the polite accomplishments. About the age of sixteen, the youth showed a great partiality for theatrical exhibitions, at which he was frequently present. He also delighted in the company of actors, and associated with the young spout-

ers of the day, of whose clubs he became a member.

In these, his first appearance is recorded to have been the tent scene, and the battle with Richmond, in the tragedy of Richard III. It is the custom of youths, called spouters, to select scenes, each in turn, and such as each supposes himself best qualified to appear in with advantage. When the night came, it is recorded that Weston confessed his heart palpitated, his face flushed, and he was under the same trepidation as any performer, of great sensibility, on a publick stage.

It is also the custom of these youths to applaud, and therefore his companions applauded; but they privately affirmed his acting was execrable, and his voice wholly unfit for the stage. He was hoarse almost immediately, but was however highly satisfied with his own performance, as he used afterward jocularly to tell his friends. To theatrical studies therefore his time was devoted.

His father procured him a place in the king's kitchen, called turnbroach: a sinecure of about thirty pounds a year, which he enjoyed till his death. By the same interest he was appointed an under clerk of the kitchen, and accompanied George II. to Holland, when his majesty visited Hanover.

After his return, unmindful of his father's advice, he is said to have too much indulged his passions, and to have spent his nights in

riot, and his days in idleness. In consequence of this, and after frequent attempts to reclaim him, the navy was thought of as a probable means of reform, and he was appointed a midshipman.

Pleased at first with his trappings, his sword, cockade, and uniform, things that seldom fail to please thoughtless youth, he first showed himself among his acquaintance, and afterward repaired on board his ship, when commanded. Here his station and accommodations were by no means such as agreed with his habits, or gave him pleasure. He truly thought his genius cramped and forced into a wrong direction. Among his friends was a clerk in the war-office, on whom he prevailed to write a letter, having the official seal, and directed to him on board the Warspite, which letter pretended to acquaint him that a commission in the army was preparing for him, and he was desired to return to London. By this artifice, he obtained his purpose and quitted the navy.

That he thus early acquired the habits of dissipation was the misfortune of his life; it is a misfortune to which many men of talents, who have devoted themselves to the stage, have been peculiarly subject; it arises, not out of the nature of the profession, but, of the manners and circumstances under which these actors have lived.

Tragedy continued to be the delight of Weston, nor could his friends convince him

of his mistake. His stature was small, but Garrick he said [perhaps erroneously] was nearly an inch shorter than himself; and his voice he was convinced had sufficient power. In this persuasion, he first became an actor in a company, well known at that time, which visited every town, village, and hamlet, within twenty miles of the metropolis. The former manager of this company, Oliver Carr, was then dead; but it still bore his name, and Weston enlisted under the widow.

The gains were so small that they did not afford a subsistence; but here he had occasion to perform the part of Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem, by which he threw every one into raptures, except himself. The dignity of tragedy still pervaded his thoughts. Mrs. Carr told him how entirely he had mistaken his powers, and that tragedy afforded him no hope. Weston gave an arch look, made no reply, but thought the more, and maintained his opinion, though the audience had been so struck with him that the very boys followed him, exclaiming—*There! that's he that played Scrub!*

He quitted this company, and engaged in another, where he insisted on performing tragedy; and this he was allowed to do, in consequence of consenting to play comick parts.

The poverty of this company seemed to exceed the first, and Weston felt distresses which, however comick they might afterward

appear, were severely felt at the moment. He and a companion were obliged to keep the room, while their linen was washed ; the landlady came, as usual, for money to provide breakfast : they had but a sleeve of a shirt between them : the companion hid himself, Weston jumped into bed, slipped on the sleeve, and stretching out the arm thus covered, gave the money required. This anecdote he used afterward to tell of himself ; and, trivial as they may at first appear, such anecdotes deserve to be remembered, for they mark the manners of ages and nations.

Strange to say, his first appearance in London was at a booth in Bartholomew Fair, kept by the famous comedians Yates and Shuter, where he played nine times a day for a guinea! He afterward obtained an engagement under Foote ; but his talents in London were still unknown, and when the Minor came out, in 1760, the part allotted him in that piece was Dick.

At this period he married, and the abilities of his young wife were so far promising that she performed Lucy in the same comedy.

They were both afterward engaged at Norwich, on a good salary ; but Weston returned, with the season, to the Haymarket. His merits had not remained unnoticed by the piercing eye of Foote, and the part of Jerry Sneak was written expressly for Weston.

This performance at once stamped him a favourite, and he engaged with various com-

panies, and played at Dublin, Chichester, Salisbury, and other places. With Ireland it appears he was not pleased, and promised never to return to that country ; and with his wife also he so entirely disagreed, that they separated, by mutual consent.

Having obtained an engagement at Drury-lane, though at a small and unworthy salary, he first performed Abel Drugger while Mr. Garrick was abroad, and was so highly applauded that he at length obtained three pounds a week. His wants, or rather, alas, his habits of dissipation, increased with his salary ; and the vicissitudes of this part of his life were such as are unworthy to be recorded of a man of such extraordinary talents, which talents were at that time gradually rising into notice.

Foote and Garrick, but especially the former, well understood the worth of Weston, and frequently relieved him from the distresses into which, by the want of prudence, he was thrown. His temper was generous : when he had money he gave to all who asked, and he was seldom, if ever, without some idle worthless intruder, who encouraged his evil habits, in order to subsist at his expence.

Being in the continual dread of bailiffs, he was frequently obliged to make the theatre his residence. When living in the Hay-market theatre, he was accustomed to shut the half door of the lobby, which had spikes at the top, and to bring a table and chairs, that he might take the air and smoke his pipe.

To this door a bailiff, whose face was unknown to Weston, and who carried clothes under his arm covered with green baize, as if he were a tailor, came and requested to speak with Mr. Foote. Weston unwarily opened the hatch, and the bailiff assumed his true character and exhibited his writ.

Disguising his emotion, Weston desired the bailiff to follow him, that Mr. Foote might either pay the money or give security. The man did as he was desired, and the deceiver was deceived. He had not made a legal capture, by touching Weston, the passage behind the side boxes was very dark, the bailiff was obliged to grope slowly along, Weston knew the way, gained the door, which also had spikes, bolted it, crossed the stage, ran through the adjoining house of Mr. Foote, and escaped. This incident, while it shows his folly, proves his presence of mind.

Remainder next Month.

LITERARY ANECDOTES,

In a Letter to a Friend,

FROM SAMUEL PEGGE, ESQ. F. S. A.

LANGUAGE in general, modes of speech, or the particular application of words, Sir, were never held to be the manufacture of the mob; but to have been decided and established by the usage of the superiour orders of mankind. The consent, therefore, of men of

every age, who speak and write with propriety, stamps the currency of words; and though such words may thereafter grow out of date, or be vitiated by habit and mis-pronunciation, there yet remains a trace of them to ascertain their intrinsick value. Fashion has long been the arbiter of language, as well as of dress, furniture, &c. all which have varied, nobody knows why, nor how the innovations have crept in, because the aggressors against the old fashions have never been detected.

So vague was the state of the French language, when Mons. Vaugelas wrote, (between the years 1585 and 1650,) that, during his translation of Quintus Curtius, which occupied him for thirty years, it had varied so much, that he was obliged to correct the former part of his work, to bring it to the standard of the latter. This occasioned Mons Voiture to apply to it the epigram of Martial upon a barber, who was so slow in his operation, that the hair began to grow on the first half of the face, before he had trimmed the other.

It is no very easy matter to read and understand Chaucer, and the poets of that age, currently in their old-fashioned spelling (apart from their obsolete words) even when translated, as I may term it, into modern types; and much less so in their ancient garb of the Gothick or black letter; till their language becomes familiarised by habit. I con-

ceive farther, that the antiquated French tongue would be still more unintelligible to a Frenchman of the present age; to evince which, it may be only necessary to compare the "Grand Contumier de Normandie," or "Les Assizes de Jerusalem," with more modern writers; or even Rabelais with Voltaire.

Orthography, therefore, is as the fashionable literary world, for the time being, shall have been pleased to make it; but with this latitude, that formerly our English spelling was, for a long time, happily governed by the ear, without any solicitude about the position or number of letters in a word, so that there were plenty of them. Since orthography has been attempted to be curbed by rule, deviation from the ancient open practice has been studiously affected; in consequence of which, the mode established as perfectly right at the commencement of a century, may perhaps be discarded as palpably wrong before it is half expired.

We need not recur to the case of Mons. Vaugelas before given; for such of us who can recal thirty or forty years to remembrance, may bear testimony to many variations in our own language, both in phrase and spelling.

It is no part of my plan or intention to trouble you Sir, with a descant on orthography; but give me leave to say (as it were in a parenthesis) that our language has un-

dergone some considerable alterations very lately. *Honour*, *favour*, &c. are now cut down to *honor*, *favor*, &c. Dr. Johnson, however, our latest dictionarian, (if you will allow me to use the term) gives no instance of these words being written with such defalcations; neither does he leave it at all doubtful, by indulging them with an *alias*.

Again, Sir, it is now the ton to write phy*sic*, mu*sic*, pub*lic*, &c. without the old final letter *k*, which no school-boy dared to have done with impunity forty years ago. But this is not the first time that these, and other such words, have lost a limb; for *physick*, *musick*, &c. were written in older English, *physicke*, *musicke*, &c.

What a crime of *leze-antiquite* would it be, were I by a letter to invite you to view a very curious *antic* vase, now in my possession!—and yet I can support my spelling, on the modern principle, thus—*antique*—*anticke*—*antick*—*antic*; and which is perfectly analogous to the words above given.

Mr. Nares softens the matter, by observing that *two* letters can better be spared out of dissyllables, than *one* out of monosyllables; which is so far true, that our monosyllables would make a very paltry appearance, were they to be curtailed of their final letters. We will contrast two sentences, consisting of the same words, the one written with the final *k*, and the other without it, and observe the effect they will have to the eye upon paper;

though they are identically the same to the ear in point of sound.

"*Dick* gave *Jack* a *kick*;—when *Jack* gave *Dick* a *knock* on the *back* with a *thick stick*."

Per contra, "*Dic* gave *Jac* a *kic*;—when *Jac* gave *Dic* a *knoc* on the *bac* with a *thic stic*."

Dr. Johnson, however, decidedly avers that in English orthography, no word whatsoever, long or short, ends with the letter *c*;—nor are the French, who eat so much of their language in speaking, hardy enough to abridge their spelling, by writing phys*iq*, mus*iq*, or publ*iq*.

This our modern mode of writing is still more singular and excentrick, if we will observe that no other words ending with the consonants—*c k* have been deprived of their final letter *k*. For example, we do not write att*ac*, rans*ac*, &c.—bed*ec*, &c.— nor traff*ic*, frol*ic*, &c.—nor bull*oc*, heml*oc*, &c.—nor wild-d*uc*, good-l*uc*, &c.

Innovations have been sometimes dangerous in supposed orthography, where established errour has long prevailed. Dr. Fuller assures us, that an under-clerk in the culinary department of the royal household (in his own time) was threatened with a summons before the tribunal of the Board of Green-cloth, to answer for the crime of writing (in his official accounts) the term *Sinapi* (i. e. mustard) as it should be spelt, contrary to the established mode of the court, which had

been, for time immemorial, to write it *Cinapi*. In another case, which I have before me, the most serious consequences once followed a very trifling mistake in orthography, and by which the offending party lost no inconsiderable property. Mons. Varillas, a French author, well known among divines, had a nephew, whom he proposed to make his heir; but who, in a letter to his uncle, was unfortunate enough to close it with —"votre tres *ho*beissant," instead of "obeissant." This little errour so exasperated Mons. Varillas, that he never forgave it,—set his nephew down for an egregious blockhead, unworthy to be the successor to the fortunes of a man of learning,—and left his estate to pious uses. Thus much for orthography.

Remainder next month.

LETTER TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

DEAR MADAM,

As you occupy a very handsome house, and are able to furnish it in a proper manner, will you excuse a friend who is anxious to give you a little advice on the subject?

Your building being formed of the finest materials, it will shew in a moment any flaw or spot that may accidentally tarnish the surface; it is of a proper height, a well-proportioned size, and built on a regular plan.

On the top stands a turret, of a globular form, with two crystal windows in front; these are so constructed, as to command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove of considerable utility, as well as a great ornament to the house: I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes, and above all things, I would have you shut them early at night, as many disagreeable circumstances happen from a neglect in this particular; you may open them as early as you please in the morning.

On each side, I observe a small portal to receive company; pray take care they do not always stand open; as you will be crowded with visitors, and perhaps with some you may not like; let them never be shut against your worthy parents, a sincere friend, or a fellow creature in distress.

I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; in general I recommend it to you to keep it closely barred, lest, should any bad characters be seen forth coming, you draw a scandal on your residence; if at any time, on necessary occasions, it should be opened, I would lay a strict injunction of watchfulness on the two porters, who stand as sentinels, in liveries of scarlet, just without the ivory palisade.

Some ill advised people paint the two pannels, just below the windows; an example which I hope you will shun rather than follow.

This part of the edifice is supported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whose base is ornamented with two semi-globes of alabaster, before which most prudent people draw a curtain of needlework; a practice of late years strangely neglected by some, who, by such conduct, prove themselves grossly deficient in policy, propriety, and good taste.

Beneath, is the great hall, in which I understand you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship; this I suppose is the place of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful friend: take care always to keep it clean, and furnished with a small but well-chosen library of the best practical authors: enter it frequently, especially when you return from publick worship, or from visiting your friends.

Avoid two opposite errours, which the owners of many houses fall into: let not the outside hall appear like the shop of an undertaker, fitting out a funeral, and crowded with gloomy objects, and woeful countenances, nor like a lord mayor's coach, bedaubed with gilding and finery; let it be plain, neat, and always clean, to convince the world that you attend more to utility than ornament.

You must not be surprised to find the tenement yon inhabit subject to decay and accident; it is the common effect of time to efface beauty, and diminish strength; during the short space you have already lived in it, repairs have been frequently wanted; these, you

must consider as plain intimations, that the house itself, in a certain number of years, will fall, 'and like the baseless fabrick of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.'

If I recollect right, you are only a tenant at will, and may be turned out, with or without warning, for that was the condition on which it was let to you: be always ready therefore to go, at a moment's notice, and be particularly careful to keep the furniture in the globular turret, and the contents of the little closet, arranged in good order, that you may be able to lay your hand on them without perplexity or confusion.

It will be in vain to attempt to do it, as some have fancied they can, in the bustle and hurry of a sudden removal; a neglect of this important precaution has proved an irreparable injury to thousands.

Excuse this hasty epistle, pardon the liberty I have taken, and impute it to the warm zeal and sincere attachment of

Your humble servant.

(*Monthly Mirror.*)

THE FISHERMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

BY DR MAVOR.

A FISHERMAN, whose only property was a miserable hovel, lived on the bank of a small river. His gains were so trifling, that he was scarcely able to earn a scanty subsist-

ence. Notwithstanding he was contented in his poverty, because he wished for nothing more than he possessed.

One day, this fisherman took it into his head to visit the city; and he resolved to go there on the morrow. While he thought of making this journey, he met a traveller, who inquired if he had far to go to reach a village, in which he might find lodging for the night? "It is twelve miles," replied the fisherman, "and it is very late; if you will pass the night in my cottage you are heartily welcome."

The traveller accepted the offer; and the fisherman who wished to entertain his guest as well as he was able, lit a fire to dress some small fish. While they were at supper, the fisherman sang, laughed, and appeared full of merriment.

"How happy you are," said the traveller to his host, "in being able to divert yourself thus! I would give all that I have in the world to be as gay as you."

"And what prevents you?" said the fisherman, "my mirth costs me nothing; and I have never been subject to melancholy. Do you labour under any great affliction that does not permit you to be cheerful?"

"Alas!" replied the traveller, "all the world believes me the happiest of men. I was a merchant, and I gained great wealth; but I had not a moment of rest. I was in daily fear of becoming a bankrupt, of failure

of sale in my goods, of storms to wreck my vessels : upon this account, I quitted commerce, in the hope of living a more tranquil life ; and I bought a place at court : at first I had the good fortune to please my prince ; I became his favourite, and I believed that I should soon be happy ; but I presently found that I was rather a slave than a favourite. I was obliged to give up perpetually all my own inclinations, to follow those of my master. He loved the chase, I loved quiet ; nevertheless, I was obliged to follow him through the woods the whole day long : I returned to the palace, overcome with fatigue and longing to retire to rest. No ; some lady gives a ball, a supper ; and, because it will please the king, entreats me to come : I go, detesting every thing I see. But the favour of my sovereign afforded me some little consolation. It is now about five days since he spoke with an air of friendship to one of the lords of his court, gave him two commissions, and said that he believed him to be a very honest man. From that moment I plainly saw that I was lost, and my nights were sleepless."

"But," said the fisherman, interrupting his guest, did the king receive you with cold looks ; and did he cease to love you ?"

"Excuse me," replied the traveller ; "the king showed me more friendship than ordinary ; but recollect he did not love me only, every body said that the nobleman was be-

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come a second favourite. To me this was so insupportable, that I was ready to die with chagrin. I retired yesterday, at even, into my chamber, absorbed in melancholy, and when I was alone, I gave myself up to grief. Suddenly, I beheld a man, of more than ordinary stature, but of an extremely agreeable countenance, who said to me, 'Azaël, I have compassion upon thy misery: If thou wouldst become tranquil, to love sacrifice riches, and to friendship honours.'—'Alas! Sir,' said I to the man, 'these are the wishes of my heart; but how can they be gratified?'—'Quit the court,' replied he, 'and travel during two days by the road that first offers itself; the folly of man will present you with a spectacle that will cure you forever of ambition. When you have travelled two days, retrace your steps; and be confidently assured, that thenceforward you will live happily and at ease.'—I have already walked one whole day in obedience to this monitor; and to-morrow I shall proceed: but I cannot easily persuade myself to hope the repose he has promised."

The fisherman having heard this story, could not but wonder at the folly of a man, who placed his ambition upon the mere looks and words of a king. "I shall be happy to see you again, and to hear an account of your case," said he to the traveller; "accomplish your journey, and in two days come back to my cottage. I am about to

travel too ; I have never seen the city ; and I imagine that I shall be much diverted by the sights that I shall behold there."

" You must take care," returned the traveller, " that, when you have seen the palaces of the great, you do not become dissatisfied with your cottage ; and that, when you have seen their superb vestments, you remain contented with your own clothing."

" Sir," said the fisherman to his guest, " you talk like a book : do your reasonings serve for your own instruction ?"

The traveller forbore to reply, because he did not wish to enter into a controversy with his host in his own house. The next day he continued his journey ; while the fisherman set out for the city.

At the end of two days, the traveller, Azaël, who had met with nothing extraordinary, returned to the cottage. He found the fisherman sitting before his door, his head resting upon his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. " What are you thinking of ?" said Azaël.—" I am thinking that I am very miserable," said the fisherman : " what have I done that I should be poor, while so great a number of men are rich and happy ?"

At this moment the man of lofty stature, who had commanded Azaël to travel, and who was, in reality, an angel, appeared.

" Why have you not followed the counsels of Azaël ?" said he to the fisherman ; " the sight of the magnificence of the city

hath created in thee avarice and vanity ; and these have driven from thee happiness and peace. Moderate thy desires, and thou wilt recover those precious possessions."

"This is very easy for you to prescribe," replied the fisherman, but impossible for me to practise. I am sure that I shall always be unhappy ; at least, unless my condition be altered."

"That would be to thy loss," replied the angel, "believe me ; and do not wish to be other than thou art."

"You speak well," returned the fisherman, "but you will not hinder me from wishing for another situation ?"

"Since thou *wilt* seek thy destruction," said the angel, "I consent : thou mayest wish three things, and they shall be as thou desirest."

Transported with joy, the fisherman wished that his cottage were changed into a magnificent palace ; and immediately his wish was accomplished. The fisherman after admiring his palace, wished that the little river that flowed before his door might be swelled to a great sea ; and immediately his wish was accomplished. The power of making a third request remained. He hesitated during some time : at length he wished that his little boat might be changed into a superb vessel, freighted with gold and diamonds. As soon as he beheld his vessel, he hastened to feast his eyes with the riches of which he

was become the master ; but he had scarcely gained the deck when a violent storm arose. The fisherman would have returned to the shore, but he was unable to manage the vessel.

Now he regretted his vanity and his ambition : useless regrets ! the sea swallowed him and all his riches ; and the angel said to Azaël, "Let this example teach thee wisdom ! The end of this man is almost always that of those who pursue unworthy objects of ambition. The court, to which thou art returning, is famous for shipwrecks and for tempests ; while yet you may, make the shore : otherwise, you will one day wish to do so when the power will be no longer yours."

Azaël, who stood terrified at what he had seen, promised to obey the angel ; and he kept his word : he left the court, and retired into the country, where he married a young lady, who was more remarkable for her goodness, than for her beauty or her fortune. Instead of endeavouring to increase his abundant wealth, he sought only to enjoy it with moderation, and to distribute the superflux to the poor. He now became happy and contented ; and no day passed in which he did not thank God for having released him from avarice and frivolous ambition ; which, while he was subject to them, had empoisoned every hour of his life.

THE COUNTRY PRIEST.

A DIALOGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Aristus. So my dear Theotimus, you are going to be a country parson!

Theotimus. Yes, I have had a small parish conferred on me, and I like it better than a larger; it is more suited both to my talents and my activity; having but one soul myself, the superintendence and direction of seventy thousand would certainly be too much for me; and I have ever wondered at the daringness of those who have taken on them the care of those immense districts. I cannot, in any tolerable measure, find myself equal to such a charge; a large flock really frightens me, but with a small one I may perhaps do some good. I have a smattering of the law, enough with my careful endeavours, to prevent my poor parishioners from ruining one another by litigations; I am so much a physician as to prescribe to them in common cases; and I have so far looked into our best treatises on agriculture, that my advice may sometimes be of service to them. The lord of the manor and his lady are very good sort of people, and no devotees; they will second my endeavours to do good, so that I promise myself a very happy time of it, and that those among whom I am to live will not be injured by my company.

Arist. You have a great share of learning, and are likewise master of a nervous eloquence ; how do you intend to preach before a congregation of villagers ?

Theot. As I would before kings. I will insist on morality and never meddle with controversy. God forbid that I should go about diving into concomitant grace, effectual grace which may be resisted, sufficient grace which does not suffice ; or examining whether the angels who came to Lot had a body, or only feigned to eat. A thousand things there are, which my congregation would not understand, nor I neither : my endeavour shall be to make them good, and to be so myself.

Arist. You will make a good priest, indeed! I think I must purchase a country house in your parish. But be so kind as to tell me how you will manage confession

Theot. Confession is highly beneficial, a strong curb to vice, and a very early institution. It was anciently practised at the celebration of all the mysteries of the church : and we have imitated and sanctified so devout an observance : it avails greatly, turning resentment and hatred into forgiveness and friendship : by it the petty rogues are induced to restore what they had stolen. I own it has also its inconveniencies. There are too many indiscreet confessors, chiefly among the monks, who sometimes teach girls more fooleries than they learn among the young men. In confession there should be no particulars ;

it is no juridical interrogatory, but only a sinner's acknowledgment of his fault to the Supreme Being, before another sinner, who is soon to make the like acknowledgment. This salutary avowal is not made to gratify a frivolous curiosity.

Arist. And excommunications; will you ever proceed to such extremities?

Theot. No; some rituals excommunicate grasshoppers, sorcerers, and stage-players. Grasshoppers I shall never exclude from my church, for they never come there; as little shall I excommunicate sorcerers, seeing there are none; and stage-players being authorized by the magistrates, and pensioned by his Majesty, it would ill become me to brand them with infamy; and, to be ingenuous, I can with pleasure read a play, when kept within the limits of morality; such for instance, as Athaliah and the Misanthrope, which contain much good instruction. The lord of our manor has some such pieces acted at his seat by young people of a theatrical turn; these exhibitions lead to virtue through the attraction of pleasure, form the taste, and greatly contribute to a just elocution. Now, for my part, in all this I see nothing but what is very innocent, and even very useful; so that I intend, purely for my instruction, to be sometimes a spectator.

Arist. The more you let me into your way of thinking, the more desirous am I of becoming your parishioner; but one point remains

which I think of very great importance. How will you do to hinder the peasants from fuddling on the holidays, which, you know, is their chief way of keeping festivals? some, overcome by a liquid poison, are seen with their heads drooping almost to their knees, their hands dangling, their sight and hearing lost, in a condition very much beneath beasts; led home reeling by their lamenting wives, incapable of going to work the next day, often sick, and sometimes irrecoverably besotted. Others, inflamed by wine, raise quarrels which soon come to furious blows; and these brutal scenes, a disgrace to human nature, have not seldom been known to end in a murder. Now how will you, if not eradicate this execrable custom out of your parish, at least bring it under some regulation?

Theot. I have a remedy at hand; I shall not only give them leave, but exhort them to follow some innocent employment after divine service; and that I will take care to begin very early, for it is their being unemployed on such days which sends them to publick houses; on the working days we hear of no riot or bloodshed. Useful employment is good both for soul and body.

Arist. This will be reconciling devotion and industry, and both are of God's appointment; thus you serve God and do good to your neighbour. But amidst our ecclesiastical feuds, which party will you favour?

Theot. None. Virtue never occasions any

disputes, because it comes from God; all these heart-burnings are about opinions which are the inventions of men.

Arist. Excellent! I wish all priests were like you.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

PETER PEUTEMAN was a good painter of still life; but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist was the incident that occasioned his death.

He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life; and, that he might imitate some parts of his subject with greater exactness, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, insensibly fell asleep. This was on Sept. 18, 1692, when an earthquake, that happened while he was dozing, roused him: and the instant he awoke he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the loose skulls rolling about the room! Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horrour that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled out into the street half

dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event; explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons: nevertheless his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after, at 42 years of age.

DUELLING.

A CAPTAIN in the English army, in answer to a person from whom he had received a challenge, wrote as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me: I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use. A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any

thing that is human now.—As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year old colt. As to myself, I do not like much to stand in the way of any thing that is harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most adviseable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge, that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

ON EPITAPHS.

CAMDEN's chapter of epitaphs afforded me some amusement, and an extract or two, I fancy, may not be displeasing to many of your readers.

The following lines, which were written on the removal of Queen Elizabeth's body from Richmond to Whitehall by water, contain an allusion or figure, or what you please to call it (for I think there is no name in rhetorick for it) which one cannot be but pleased with :

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars tears let fall :
More clung about the barge, fish under water,
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam blind after.

I think the bargemen might with easier thighs,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
For howsoe'er thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
Sh'ad come by water, had she come by land.

Now, Mess. Printers, I fairly challenge all the modern poets, from Hayley to Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Nugent, to produce any thing so well connected as the above. Mr. Camden calls them passionate, doleful lines. The idea of rowing the Queen's body from Richmond to Whitehall in her people's eyes, is loyal, at least, if not poetical; and if it be not very practicable, must at least be allowed to be very marvellous.

The poets of these days, however, have been more successful when employing their pens on objects of less rank, more nearly approaching their own than that of royalty. In this epitaph upon a maker of bellows, there is better poetry, and more wit and truth.——

Here lieth John Cruker, a maker of bellows,
His crafts master, and king of good fellows;
Yet when he came to the hour of his death,
He that made bellows could not make breath!

I quote the following upon account of the rhymes, which are very peculiar, and have been of late very successfully imitated by some political poets, and Hudibrastick serio comick Eclogue writers.

Under this stone
Lies John Knapton,
Who died just
The 28 of August,
M. D. XC. and one,
Of this Church Peti canon.

But if truth, perspicuity, wit, gravity, and every property pertaining to the ancient or modern epitaph, may be expected in one single epitaph, it is in one made for a Mr. Burbidge, a tragedian, in the days of Shakespeare, but whether it comes from the pen of that great poet, I cannot determine. Its brevity particularly recommends it, the following being the whole:

Exit Burbidge.

There is a superiority of merit in the following, which would not disgrace a poet of eminence, on the untimely death of a child.

As careful nurses to their bed do lay
Their children, which too long would wantons play,
So to prevent all my ensuing crimes,
Nature, my nurse, laid me to bed betimes.

The thought is quaint, and has beauty, although the versification cannot be commended.

Many of the old epitaphs speak very familiarly of death, as if he was a door neighbour,

on whom they might at any time crack their jokes—thus, upon a collier.

Here lies the collier John of Nashes,
By whom death nothing gain'd he swore:
For living he was dust and ashes,
And being dead he is no more.

[*Boston Mag.* 1784.]

WALKER'S CRITICISM.

[*"There is no letter in all the alphabet," says the Editor of the New-York Herald, in a late Review of* Webster's Dictionary, *"whose sound so distinctly marks the polite or the vulgar speaker, as the* u *preceded by* d *or* t. *On this subject Mr. Walker has laid down the only sound canon of criticism." We perfectly agree with Mr. Coleman; and eager to quicken the prevalence of correct orthoepy in the metropolis of New-England, we think no apology necessary for introducing Mr. Walker's remarks on this subject into the Polyanthos. Mr. C. is entitled to much credit for exposing Mr. Webster's attempts "to banish an elegant pronunciation from the country, and to substitute in its room that of the vulgar and illiterate."*]

T is the sharp sound of *D*; but though the latter is often changed into the former, the former never goes into the latter. The sound to which this letter is extremely prone

is that of *s*. This sound of the *t* has greatly multiplied the hissing in our own language, and has not a little promoted it in most modern tongues. That *p* and *b*, *t* and *d*, *k* and *g* hard, *s* and *z*, should slide into each other, is not surprizing, as they are distinguished only by a nice shade of sound; but that *t* should alter to *s* seems a most violent transition, till we consider the organick formation of these letters, and of those vowels which always occasion it. If we attend to the formation of *t*, we shall find that it is a stoppage of the breath by the application of the upper part of the tongue near the end, to the correspondent part of the palate; and that if we just detach the tongue from the palate, sufficiently to let the breath pass, a hiss is produced which forms the letter *s*. Now the vowel that occasions this transition of *t* to *s* is the squeezed sound of *e*, as heard in *y* consonant: which squeezed sound is a species of hiss; and this hiss, from the absence of accent, easily slides into the *s*, and *s* as easily into *sh*; thus *mechanically* is generated that hissing termination *tion*, which forms but one syllable, as if written *shun*.

But it must be carefully remarked, that this hissing sound, contracted by the *t* before certain diphthongs, is never heard but after the accent: when the accent falls on the vowel immediately after the *t*, this letter, like *s* or *c* in the same situation, preserves its simple sound: thus the *c* in *social* goes into *sh*, be-

cause the accent is on the preceding vowel; but it preserves the simple sound of *s* in *society*, because the accent is the succeeding vowel. The same analogy is obvious in *satiate* and *satiety*; and is perfectly agreeable to that difference made by accent in the sound of other letters.

As the diphthongs *ia*, *ie*, *io*, or *iu*, when coming after the accent, have the power of drawing the *t* into *sh*, so the diphthongal vowel *u*, in the same situation, has a similar power. If we analyse the *u*, we shall find it commence with the squeezed sound of *e*, equivalent to the consonant *y*. This letter produces the small hiss before taken notice of, and which may be observed in the pronunciation of *nature*, and borders so closely on *natshur*, that it is no wonder Mr. Sheridan adopted this latter mode of spelling the word to express its sound. The only fault in Mr. Sheridan in depicting the sound of this word, seems to be that of making the *u* short, as in *bur*, *cur*, &c. as every correct ear must perceive an elegance in lengthening the sound of the *u*, and a vulgarity in shortening it. The true pronunciation seems to lie between both.

But Mr. Sheridan's greatest fault seems to lie in not attending to the nature and influence of the accent: and because *nature*, *creature*, *feature*, *fortune misfortune*, &c. have the *t* pronounced like *ch*, or *tsh*, as if written *creachure*, *featshure*, &c. he has extended this change of *t* into *tch* or *tsh*, to the word *tune*, and its

compounds, *tutor*, *tutoress*, *tutorage*, *tutelage*, *tutelar*, *tutelary*, &c. *tumult*, *tumour*, &c. which he spells *tshoon*, *tshoon-eble*, &c. *tshoo-tur*, *tshoo-triss*, *tshoo-tur-idzh*, *tshoo-tel-idzh*, *tshoo-tel-er*, *tshoo-tel-er-y*, &c. *tshoo-mult*, *tshoo-mur*, &c. Though it is evident, from the foregoing observations, that as the *u* is under the accent, the preceding *t* is preserved pure, and that the words ought to be pronounced as if written *tewtor*, *tewmult*, *tewmour*, &c. and neither *tshootur*, *tshoomult*, *tshoomour*, as Mr. Sheridan writes them, nor *tootor*, *toomult*, *toomour*, as they are often pronounced by vulgar speakers.

Here, then, the line is drawn by analogy. Whenever *t* comes before these vowels, and the accent immediately follows it, the *t* preserves its simple sound, as in *Miltiades*, *elephantiasis*, *satiety*, &c. but when the accent precedes the *t*, it then goes into *sh*, *tch*, or *tsh*, as *natshure* or *natchure*, *na-shion*, *vir-tshue*, or *virtchue*, *patient*, &c. or *nashion*, *pashent*, &c. In similar circumstances, the same may be observed of *d*, as *arduous*, *hideous*, &c. Nor is this tendency of *t* before long *u* found only when the accent immediately precedes; for we hear the same aspiration of this letter in *spiritual*, *spirituous*, *signature*, *ligature*, *forfeiture*, as if written *spiritshual*, *spiritshuous*, *signatshure*, *ligatshure*, *forfeitshure*, &c. where the accent is two syllables before these letters; and the only termination which seems to refuse this tendency of the *t* to aspiration is that in *tude*, as *latitude*, *longitude*, *multitude*, &c.

This pronunciation of *t* extends to every word where the diphthong or diphthongal sound commences with *i* or *e*, except in the terminations of verbs and adjectives, which preserve the simple in the augment, without suffering the *t* to go into the hissing sound, as *I pity, thou pitiest, he pities, or pitied, mightier, worthier, twentieth, thirtieth*, &c. This is agreeable to the general rule, which forbids the adjectives or verbal terminations to alter the sound of the primitive verb or noun. But in the words *bestial, celestial, frontier, admixtion*, &c. where the *s*, *x* or *n* precedes the *t*, this letter is pronounced like *tch* or *tsh*, instead of *sh*, as *bes-tchial, eeles-tchial, fron-tcheer, admix-tchion*, &c. ; as also when the *t* is followed by *eou*, whatever letter precede, as *righteous, piteous, plenteous*, &c. pronounced *righ-tcheous, pit-cheous, plen-tcheous*, &c. The same may be observed of *t* when succeeded by *uou*, as *unctuous, presumptuous*, &c. pronounced *unc-tchuous, presump-tchuous*, &c.

SELECT SENTENCES.

In *those* who have a very high opinion of *themselves*, and treat others with a supercilious air, were sensible *how ridiculous they appear* in the eyes of the persons whom they affect to hold in contempt, they would soon lower their sails, and behave with more politeness, humanity and decorum.

MARRIAGE secrets should never be revealed, for wives and husbands, by divulging them, only proclaim their folly and imprudence. The wise, among the wedded, keep their pleasures and their pains within their own bosoms.

STRAWS swim upon the surface, but pearls lie at the bottom. Shewy parts strike every common eye, but solid ones are only to be discerned by the most accurate observers of the human head and human heart.

As often as we are oppressed by evils, resulting either from our own mismanagement, unexpected accidents, or the inscrutable views of Providence, our *business* is to suffer with decency—and our *duty* to improve by suffering.

No *flashes* of good humour, no *sudden starts* of liberality, can make *amends* for the *pain* we endure, from the *freaks* of *imperiousness* and the *insults* of *oppression*.

THE most necessary virtue, that gives woman the greatest degree of power, is modesty. This amiable quality influences the features, the air, the mind, in such a manner, that every thing shocks us where this is wanting.

WE must allow that there are some virtues, which, though one would be glad to have *within call*, one wishes never may be called for. *Patience* is one of them. She is an excellent physician to a *diseased mind*, but would any body desire to be sick for the sake of having a doctor, even though it were the infallible Esculapius himself?

THE MINSTREL.

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

[*This sublime piece of poetry was written by* Jones, *the author of the Earl of Essex, and sent to Mr. Garrick just before the jubilee at Stratford was celebrated. It is painful to relate that Mr. Garrick never acknowledged the receipt of the Ode. How much he was enamoured with it, may be easily seen by comparing it with Garrick's Ode to the jubilee....Then. Or.*]

O, FOR thy own immortal muse of fire,
By God and nature kindled high!
Let thy celestial flame my soul inspire,
And lift my genius to the sky:
Above all mortal flight sublime to soar,
Where Greece and Rome are seen no more;
Where nature's utmost bounds are past,
Beyond creation's out-stretch'd line;
That world of wonders all is thine,
Thy laurel there shall last!
Where Homer's fancy never flew,
Beyond the reach of Virgil's view;
Which, even mighty Milton faintly knew;
Though, next to thee unmatch'd he rose
On revelation's wing:
The gates of fate thy hand wide open throws,
And marshals up the phantoms there,
From Tartarus these shades to bring:
These forms condens'd of painted air;
With sentiment and language fraught,
No mortal else but thou e'er taught!

O Shakespeare, son of fame !
Belov'd by earth and heaven !
Britannia glories in thy envied name :
To thee the richest palm was given,
Which nature's bosom ever bore,
Such happy growths she'll yield no more !

On Avon's banks it grew,
There sprung aloft to Europe's wondering eye,
Refresh'd by heaven's indulgent dew,
Without the tardy aid of art,
Its fragrance fills th' expanded sky,
Elates the soul,—and melts the feeling heart.
Hail Avon ! happy scene !
Forever rich, forever green,
Where Shakespeare first beheld the light :
The Attick bird that moment took its flight,
And left Ulysses' song resounding shore ;
To Avon's banks the warbler sprung,
There, from a laurel joyful sung,
Th' immortal bard was born !
On that auspicious happy morn,
That over Sophocles should soar,
And leave all Greece and Rome behind,
As far, as Philomela's song,
Excels the vulgar feathered throng ;
The first of human kind !
The muses there their pinions spread,
Castalian dews around him shed,
The graces crown'd his infant head,
And genius wav'd his wings ;
The swans of Avon tower on high,
They carrol to the vaulted sky,
And stretch their raptur'd throats ;
The fairies from the neighbouring hills,
From deep wrought mines, and rifted rills,
Came dancing all around :
Black sorcery up tore the ground,

The witches waited there,
With all the dæmons of the air,
Pale ghosts came trooping from the tom
Astonish'd nature gave them room :
She saw herself outdone,
By her too potent son.
Her cabinet to him she soon disclos'd
To him her secret wealth expos'd
Which he alone could see,
Now England's Roscius keeps the key,
Unlocks the treasures of great Shakespeare's soul,
And wafts their mutual praise from pole to pole.

THE QUESTION.

ADDRESSED TO AN AMERICAN LADY.

By a Gentleman of the Boston Theatre.

CAN the willow, ah say dost thou think,
Harm the stream by a kiss as it bends,
Or that zephyr saluting the pink :
By its fondness annoys or offends.

The poor pilgrim, as passing a rose,
On his staff leans the sense to regale,
If a kiss should his gratitude close,
Would a tint of its brightness grow pale ?

The bee from the bean flower flies,
And bears the rich load to his cell,
No eye can perceive the lost prize :
'Tis impair'd not in beauty or smell.

Then should Strephon e'er purloin a kiss,
Would it rob those dear lips of a charm,
Or could Lucy repine at a bliss ?
That can neither impoverish or harm.

THE COCK AND THE STALLION.

A FABLE.

By the Same.

As Chanticleer once took his rounds,
He pass'd a stable door;
Where stallion fierce who spurn'd his bounds,
The pavement rudely tore.

He neigh'd and paw'd, while ginger breed
Swift in at window flew;
And strutting round the mettled steed,
Cried cock a doodle do.

The high bred horse with foaming mien
And plunge might shake the world,
Litter and cock with proud disdain
Against the wall he hurl'd.

Buried in dung, cries Chanticleer,
I say, my noble brother,
Thus cribb'd in space, let us take care,
We kick not one another.

SONG.

NEW SOMEBODY.

By the Same.

To beg one boon, or breathe one vow,
I'd mountains pass, or oceans plough,
Extremest dangers brave with glee,
To catch one glimpse of SOMEBODY.

OF SOMEBODY, &c.

Arabia's burning sands I'd tread,
Nor foe should fright nor clime give dread,
The footstep print alone to see,
Of nature's boast, dear SOMEBODY.

Should she embark with placid gale,
Each cliff I'd climb, e'en Alps I'd scale,
And pant with pleasing toil to see,
The bark that bore dear SOMEBODY,

But if denied the bliss to share,
Of anxious hope, love, joy or care,
Time, break the glass set up for me,
Life's only life *with* SOMEBODY.

EPITAPH ON MRS. POPE,

LATE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

By the Same.

CLOSE clos'd are the lids which by magick seem'd fring'd,
Clos'd and palid the lips which with coral were ting'd,
Clay cold is the heart where sat virtue enthron'd,
And lifeless the hand that dear elegance own'd;
Mute is melody's tongue that attention thought dear,
And the arch brow of beauty now nerveless lies here:
When the mandate came down to demand her on high,
The fates bore her off with a tear and a sigh.

THE THORN.

How sweetly blooms the fragrant rose,
What blushing tints its leaves disclose,
Alone for Pleasure born!
But as the chilling blast flies by,
Its withered sweets all scattered lie,
And leaves the naked thorn:

So Beauty with enchanting smiles,
Ensnares the heart with love's soft wiles,
As in life's early morn:
But when the hours of love are o'er,
And beauty can enchant no more,
'Tis then you feel the thorn.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of a lady whose effusions have more than once adorned our publick prints. The unaffected tenderness of the sentiment, the simplicity of the imagery, and the easy flow of the measure, entitle it to a place beside the sweet dirge of Collins's—"To fair Fidele's grassy Tomb." [N. Y. Herald.]

LINES,

To the memory of Lieut. JOSEPH MAXWELL, *who died at Syracuse in the month of February last.*

LAMENTED youth! to fancy's eye
Thy lonely foreign tomb appears;
Sicilian breezes o'er it sigh,
And evening sheds her lucid tears.

Nurs'd by those tears, ere now, the grass
Its rank luxuriance waves so wild,
And scarcely marks to those who pass
The spot where rests bright honour's child.

There shall no tender mother weep,
When eve's dim veil o'erspreads the skies;
When night has hush'd the world in sleep,
No maiden there shall breathe her sighs.

Perhaps not e'en a humble stone
May point the traveller's vacant eye;
But journeying on he leaves unknown
The grave where worth and valour lie.

Oft too, perhaps, in careless mood
The peasant rude may wander near,

Press, with unhallowed feet, thy sod,
And frame his rustick revels there.

Yet sure some fairy hand shall guard
Thy ashes from this cold neglect,
And bending o'er the flowery sward,
Light forms, from insult, thee protect.

Their airy harps shall they attune,
And wildly strike the dirge like lay;
While high the melancholy moon
Pours down her sweetest, saddest ray.

Yes, there, beloved queen of night,
Thy beams shall dwell, with fond delay,
For gentle, as thy placid light,
Was he who owns that bed of clay.

Yet, when by wrong or insult fir'd,
His country call'd him to the field,
By honour's dictates firm inspir'd,
He sooner would have died than yield.

Oh! had he fall'n in glory's arms,
Less bitter then were friendship's tear,
With laurels crown'd mid victory's charms
He might have prest a prouder bier.

Ye who preferr'd to slavery, death,
Worthy was he, to share your doom;
Had such occasion claim'd his breath—
With transport, had he sought the tomb.

Where now, the promis'd hour of fame,
That hour, foretold by hope and youth,
The grave receives his wasted frame,
And fancy mourns, o'er saddening truth.

Lamented youth! sweet be thy rest!
Oft brought by memory's sacred power,
And by her truest pencil drest,
Thy form shall soothe the pensive hour.

CLARA.

SONG,

Sung by ZARINDA, *a Christian captive in the Seraglio, in a new Comick Opera entitled* THE FIVE LOVERS, *lately produced at Dublin Theatre.*

EMBOSOM'D in a shadowing bower,
A lowly primrose grew:
Mild Eve around the virgin flower
Her modest mantle threw;

But ah! too soon the lord of day
Diffus'd his splendours wide;
And, wither'd by th' oppressive ray,
The drooping trembler died.

ANOTHER,

Sung in the same piece, also by ZARINDA.

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;—
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou Queen of the West, the world's *Cuishla ma chree!*

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles Hospitality, hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wand'rer is welcomed with *Cuishla ma chree!*

Thy sons they are brave; but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree!
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says *Cuishla ma chree!*

Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own *Cuishla ma chree!*

EPIGRAM.

A GENTLEMAN late sent a rhyme-wrote story,
With notes descriptive and explanatory,
Unto a poet, who, alas! was poor;
And to explain still more his friendly meaning,
He added two *short notes* of his own gleaning,
Each for *five pounds*—to work a certain cure.

Soon after, when he met his rhyming hero,
He ask'd him—not how long ago liv'd Nero—
But how the book he sent had stood the test?
"The author shows in every line his learning,
"The notes appear to me to be discerning,
"But your two *little notes* were much the *best!*"

MADRIGAL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"TAKE, dearest maid, this chain of gold,
And with it grace thy peerless neck;
These pearls, on silken threads enrolled,
Those auburn tresses let them deck."

"Fond youth," the blushing nymph replied,
"To me these toys no bliss impart;
To see thee happy is my pride,
The pearl I value is thy heart."

THE DRAMA.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL.

An Operatical Romance entitled *The Forty Thieves*, was performed for the first time at Drury-Lane Theatre, on the 9th of April. The following is the fable of the piece, taken from that delightful source of juvenile study, *The Arabian Night's Entertainments :*

Ali Baba, a woodcutter, whilst pursuing his avocation in the forest, discovers a cavern belonging to a banditti, and overhears the magical incantation of "Open Sesame," by which he obtains admission, and returns to his humble habitation laden with wealth. His wife Cogia, having borrowed of her sister a measure to ascertain her treasures, several guineas adhere to the bottom and divulge their concealed wealth. Ali Baba is therefore compelled to disclose the secret to his brother Cassim, who visits the cavern, but when he has entered, forgetting the words "Open Sesame," he is unable to escape, and being found by the Robbers, is beheaded, and his body thrown into the forest, where it is found by his brother Ali, who succeeds to his house and possessions.—To conceal the catastrophe, a cobler is led blindfold to sew the head to the body ; and having mentioned the circumstance to the Captain of the Banditti, who comes to Bagdad in search of the first spoiler of the cave, he is shewn by the cobler to the house inhabited by Ali Baba, pretending that he is a Merchant trading in Oil ; he obtains admission into the garden for thirty nine jars, in each of which a Robber is concealed

Morgiana, the faithful Slave of Ali, wanting some oil, goes to the jars, and discovering the scheme, destroys the whole gang with some deadly liquid which had been given her master by a beneficent Fairy. To effect the destruction of the Captain, Morgiana enters the banquet room as a dancing slave, and whilst he is attempting to stab her master, wrests the dagger from his hand, and plunges it into his breast: for which she is rewarded by a marriage with Ganem the son of Ali Baba. An Episode is introduced, consisting of a benevolent Fairy and a wicked Genius, who is at length subdued by the power of virtue.

An Opera in three acts from the pen of T. Dibdin, called *The White Plume*; or *The Border Chieftains*, was brought out at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the 10th of April.

FABLE.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was the fashion for young men of rank to fit out vessels for foreign enterprizes, Edward and Laird Ronald, the sons of Sir Alfred and Earl Glenfillan (the two wardens of the Scotch and English Borders), are supposed to have gone with a united corps of North and South Britons on a military expedition, in which they are also acompanied by Sir Guthred, a Danish knight, but related by marriage to the family of Glenfillan.—At the opening of the Piece the young adventurers are anxiously expected home by their parents, and as eagerly wished for by Ellen and Flora; the former (daughter of Sir Alfred) is intended to espouse Laird Ronald, and the latter (daughter of Glenfillan) is the promised bride of Edward. Sir Guthred, who, under the mask of friendship to both the youths, hides a cruel and avaricious

disposition, and who covets the estates of Glenfillan and the hand of his daughter Flora, determines (being next heir) to make his way to fortune by the death of Laird Ronald, and to get rid of his rival Edward by accusing him of the murder. In consequence of this resolution, he takes a treacherous advantage of Laird Ronald during the heat of a sea fight, and by cutting away part of the cordage which sustains the gallant youth in his attempt to board the enemy, Sir Guthred consigns the son of Glenfillan to the unpitying waves. Prior to the departure of the two young men, Ellen had desired her lover, if he returned unhurt from the campaign, to elevate a beautiful White Plume she had given him to serve as a signal of his safety, and that the fortunate intelligence might be the earlier known to those who from the signal towers and surrounding hills would frequently look out with the eye of tender solicitude for their absent friends. Laird Ronald, unsuspicious of the fate that awaited him, had (while on shipboard) placed his victorious White Plume over the arms and ensigns he had won in battle, to be ready on his landing, to precede the march of his gallant band, and to give Ellen the desired assurance of his hoped approach—but this intended arrangement being unknown to his fellow-soldiers, they carry home the White Plumed Trophy as consecrated to the memory of their lost leader, whose expecting father, relatives and lover, descry it at a distance, hail it as the omen of happiness, hasten to meet it with songs of merriment, and are plunged in the most poignant distress when the solemn coromach, or lament of the Scotch soldiers, informs them that the long expected signal is the herald of death, and that the gallant Ronald had been destined to a watery

grave. Sir Guthred now proceeds with his design—accuses Edward of the crime he had himself committed, and being promised the hand of Flora if he proves the accusation, he challenges Edward to single combat—a grand Convention of the chiefs and people, from either side the Border, is summoned—and when the parties are on the point of meeting, the sudden appearance of the supposed dead Ronald, who has been preserved by the intrepidity of Allan, a Scottish soldier, expose the villainy of Sir Guthred, vindicates the innocence of Edward, and ends the Border meeting with heartfelt pleasure. The other characters are, Christopher Kilspindie, a piper, poet, and historian; Arthur, the steward of Sir Alfred; Nicolas, a simple serving man; Martha, the attendant of Ellen, and daughter to Randal; a Danish Minstrel, who having, in his own country been deeply injured by Sir Guthred, follows him to England, and becomes instrumental towards the punishment of his intended villainy.

The following song, which is said to have been much applauded and encored, is a specimen of the poetry.

SONG—*Kilspindie.*

The Grecians came running to Troy,
The Trojans went running to meet 'em,
Its known to each little school-boy,
How the Greeks they *horse*-jockied and beat 'em.

No house could that day be endur'd,
They made 'em too hot for the holders,
And ÆNEAS not being insur'd,
Set off with his dad on his shoulders.

His fortune he tried on the ocean,
And then such palavering stories,

To DIDO he told with emotion—
"Jubes renovate dolores."

When he gain'd all his ends, "dear ÆNEAS,"
Says she, "If you love your poor DIDO,
"When you're coming this way, call and see
us."
Thinks he—"I'll be hanged if I do."

"Sister ANN," then says she, "All is done,
"And he's off—only think what a way 'tis;
"He's gone with his saucy young son,
"And that rascal, his *fidus Achates*."

A cord round her neck she extended,
The one end a bed-post was tied to;
I am sorry the story's so ended,
But there was an end of poor DIDO.

NEW READING.

Among the various new readings of the text of Shakespeare, lately introduced on the stage, we find in the Monthly Mirror, the following, by Master Betty.

——"She should have died hereafter,
"There would have been a time for such a word
"Tomorrow—tomorrow," &c.
"Creeps," &c.

Master Betty reads—

"There would have been a time for such a word
"Tomorrow.—Tomorrow," &c.

That is,—To day we are absorbed in more important matters,—tomorrow we might give to grief. The word tomorrow recals his situation to his recollection; hence his soliloquy. It has at least the merit or demerit of novelty.

THE death of a Dog, who was a celebrated performer in Reynolds's opera of *The Caravan*, is thus announced in a late London paper :

THE DOG CARLO.

This celebrated canine Performer and favourite of the Publick, made his final *exit* on Wednesday last. In consequence of various acts of ferocity, JOHNSON, his master, doomed him to "*furnish matter for the tragick muse.*" On the above day he was led to the place of execution, a Butcher's slaughter-house, in Clare-market, where his vital thread was cut "*with edge of penny cord.*" The crime for which he suffered was rather of an ungrateful nature, namely, attacking his master's son ; but his offences admitted palliation when his former acts of generosity were considered. In December 1803, Carlo obtained his laurels at Drury-lane Theatre. His appearance in the *Caravan* and his aquatick *feat* to preserve the Marquis of Calatrava's child, rendered him a favourite actor, and no dog ever received so great a share of publick approbation. He resolutely plunged into the water every evening at command, but he could never be brought to bear the blaze of an illuminated Theatre, whereupon it has been remarked, that though he was partial to *liver* he had an antipathy to *lights*. Those who have witnessed his good qualities and ability will perhaps regret his loss, and exclaim—*Alas, poor Carlo !*

THE English editors frequently indulge themselves in satirizing the *Roscio-Mania*, which prevailed in England last winter. We take the lib-

erty of introducing the following pleasant paragraphs from London Papers.

"A provincial paper says—We are confidently informed, on good authority, that the little *phenomenon*, aged seven years, and her six younger sisters, have entered into articles with the manager of Drury lane theatre, for the ensuing season. The dry nurse of the youngest, we hear, is also engaged at a liberal salary. Miss —— is to make her first appearance in *Isabella*."

Every nursery is now converted into a green-room, and instead of *See saw, Margery Daw*, or *Lullaby, lullaby, on the tree top*, nothing now is heard but *To be, or not to be?* or, *Angels and ministers of grace defend us!* or, *My name is Norval*, &c.

A young lady of *rising* talents, and the most astonishing acquirements, (just entering her sixth year) was lately grossly insulted by the ignorant manager of a country theatre desiring her to take the part of one of the babes in *The Children in the Wood;* "No," cried the young phenomenon, with great spirit, "me won't—me shall be a queen, me shall." The poor manager, finding he had mistaken his *cue*, thought it prudent to put her name in the hand-bills, in the part of *Roxana*, in *Alexander the Great*, which character she represented the night following with the greatest *eclat*.

A young gentleman, (who was just put into words of eight syllables) lately made his *entrèe* on the boards of the Belfast theatre (that prolifick nursery of theatrical genius) in the arduous character of *Richard the Third:* no doubt was entertained of his success, as he was thoroughly *read* in the part, and had every necessary requisite;

very unluckily, however, he had not been apprised of the mode in which an audience testify their approbation; and on being saluted with a violent clapping on his first appearance, he suddenly took fright, and hiding his head in the prompter's lap, sobbed out, that "the gentlemen and ladies were going to *whip* him;" a new rocking-horse, and a pound of caraways and comfits were offered by the manager to induce him to tread back his steps, but in vain.

It is with great concern that we announce to the publick that Miss Little (the young *Melpomene*) was prevented appearing at the Edinburgh theatre in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, by sudden indisposition. We understand her complaint is the *chin-cough*, which threatens to deprive the stage of one of its brightest ornaments."

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. COOPER, says the *New-York Herald*, "having finished his engagement at Petersburg, where he played six nights, and as the papers inform us to crowded houses, and with his usual success, heat and drought notwithstanding, was to have left that place, so as to begin last evening (the 18th) the same round at Richmond. After that he returns here, and if no sinister accident intervenes, opens the theatre the middle of September."

Mr. and Mrs. Barret have likewise been performing at Petersburg. Mr. B. made his *entrèe* on the Virginia boards in *Abaellino*, the Great Banditt.

The Providence and Newport company have returned to Providence.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE editor respectfully returns thanks to several gentlemen, for their late successful exertions to enlarge his list of subscribers.

In making selections we have endeavoured to provide such a variety that every one of our patrons might find something to his taste.—We have not attempted to *instruct* our superiours in knowledge and virtue; but our principal object has been to *amuse* those, who are not too wise to be amused. The man of sober reflection may find a share of the work devoted to morality; the ladies may feast on novels and allegories; and there are cookies and kickshaws for the loungers of Cornhill and Court-Street. We therefore hear with regret, that one is displeased with a short sermon, another with an epigram, and a third with a catalogue of summer amusements. To these and similar complaints, we can only reply in the words of Pope—

> ——What would you have me do,
> When out of twenty I can please not two?
> Some like the pheasant's wing, and some the leg:
> The vulgar boil, the learned roast the egg:
> Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests."——

In what estimation we hold the productions of 'S.' 'COLLINA,' and 'PSYCHE,' our attention to them in former numbers will best prove...*Are their harps hung upon the willows?*

Lines to a Snow-Drop are not perfectly in *season*. The *Dog-Star* would have been a more appropriate theme for the Poet.

No. 10 will be embellished with a portrait of the late S. Adams, Esq.

The portrait of Mrs Darley is now in the hands of the engraver, and will be published in a short time.

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S Harris sc.

SAMUEL ADAMS ESQ.